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Editor

West Coast Perils

WHEN we say that the Pacific Coast should be guarded by both ships and fortresses and that the militia should be trained not only to understand the use of weapons, but in the methods used to martial and mobilize armies in the field; we are answered that we are at peace with all the world, but that there is neither probability nor possibility of any foreign war, while every day through the influence of good men and women and the Hague congress, the reign of peace is drawing nearer and nearer. No one in the world more sincerely hopes that that is all true than do we. But the other day two men barricaded themselves in a house in the heart of London and for fifteen hours held at bay 1,500 policemen and two companies of one of England's crack regiments—"the Scotch Grays." The same regiment that immortalized itself nearly a hundred years ago on that day of days at Waterloo.

Men in California could not pay such white labor as they could get, the wages they demanded, and the farmers and fruit raisers of that state resorted to the employment of Japanese and such Chinese as are left in the country. The railroads of that state have imported thousands of laborers into that state and have not been able to retain in their service ten laborers out of each one hundred thus imported, and have also been obliged to employ Japanese to do their section work. A paper is published there, the object of which seems to be to impress upon men who are not fitted to do any but common labor, that they are steadily being abused by the men who employ labor, and last November a man was elected Governor almost entirely upon the cry of "down with the railroads bossing California." The publisher of a great newspaper there, who had the temerity to oppose the tide of more than half anarchy which has been sweeping over that state ever since the earthquake and fire of San Francisco, had his newspaper blown up by dynamite, many of his employes killed, and the intention evidently was to include him with the slain. Though that was months ago the officers of the city and state have ever since been chasing clues of the criminals apparently in vain.

When this hive of crime begins to swarm, what will happen? Naturally, the violence will turn first against the alien laborers employed there. The cry will be that they are taking the bread from the mouths of the little children of white laborers; and no matter how false the cry may be it will not matter.

What then will Japan do? A nation may be ever so earnest in its desire for peace, but when, within another government, her people are being slain, and that government is impotent to protect them, what will Japan do? There are many Americans in Mexico, suppose their wholesale murder should begin, what would our government do?

Washington is in nearly as frenzied a condition as is California. Oregon is not so bad, for conditions are different in that state; but how can the west coast protect itself against its own internal foes when that crisis shall be precipitated? Her coast should be protected by fighting ships, her cities should be protected from front and rear attacks, and her young men should be trained to protect their homes, and given the means to make that protection effective.

Farming vs. Half Farming

THE farmers have skimmed over the surface of the United States. Big farms have been the rule and imperfect farming has also, too often been the rule. Now we are told that the public domain fit for farming is well nigh exhausted, and statisticians figure up the time, not now far off, when we shall cease to export farm products and begin to import them. Would it not be a good time to begin anew?

If the majority of farmers and planters would sell half their acreage and put the work heretofore done on the whole tract, upon the half left, would they not realize, on the average, as much as they do now? We think they would. And with the result that the farming population would be doubled and the products of the farms would be doubled. In that way the cities would not grow quite so rapidly, but that would not be such a great misfortune. A boy in South Carolina this year raised from three acres as much corn as his neighbors on either side raised on thirty-three acres. That was not luck but intelligent farming. He put all his time on three acres, and every hill counted. First he prepared the soil, then he planted only the most perfect seed; then he watched it, cultivated it incessantly when the ground was dry, and guarded steadily against damage from the wash when heavy rains fell, and gave his neighbors far and near an object lesson of what might be done. If men would alternate their crops; see to the drainage and fertilizers; as the ranges grow scarce make more of a feature of their sheep and cattle; who knows what they might accomplish? But that would mean intelligent work every day in the year. Is the average farmer ready to undertake that kind of farming?

Caricatured Himself

A SCENE may be portrayed by a picture or a caricature. In one the rough places are veiled; in the other exaggerated out of all semblance to the real, but still refresh the memory of one who has looked upon the scene. Then, too, while the scene is a glorified picture or a hideous monstrosity, something of the artist permeates his work and through the glory or the shame we find that the artist has left reflections of his own soul upon it. We are reminded of this by reading J. Ross Browne's "Peep at Washoe." Browne was a gifted man, an engineer and ac-

countant, we believe, and familiar with private and government business. He made the journey from San Francisco via the Placerville route to the Comstock in the early spring of 1860, and a year or two later wrote his impressions, illustrating the work with his own pencil. His object doubtless was to write a jolly book and to include within it under a seemingly jolly style all the sarcasm and sneers that had been gathering in his soul from boyhood.

He describes his journey over the Sierras in a tone as though he would paint it as a jolly good picture and yet convey an exaggerated idea of his own sufferings. Through all the nearly five hundred pages of his book we can find no word of pity or admiration or appreciation of any one; the men generally are described as uncouth, generally densely ignorant, and in great part made up of either clowns or desperadoes or rursals. His description of Virginia City was this: "Virginia City, a mud hole; climate, hurricanes and snow; water, a dilution of arsenic, plumbago and copers; wood, none at all except sage brush; no title to property, and no property worth having."

And all around him were men with so much clearer visions than his, men who by instinct grasped the thought that there was something under their feet and his which in a little while would be the concernment of the financial world, and a controlling factor in the world of trade. There were men there, too, who saw everyone's needs around them and kept their ears open to every cry; and there, too, were deeds of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation performed silently that made the angel of mercy, who was watching, smile through her tears. That place which he pictured as so desolate and dreary was where high thoughts were born and achievements wrought out which a little later became the world's admiration. J. Ross Browne had his brief sneer and did not know that he was making a picture of himself which would be a shame to him until he should be forgotten.

How to Get People to Utah

WHEN Mormon and Gentile meet and reason about things in Utah, they agree that there should be a closer walk among the people; that the state has not grown as fast as it should have done during the past ten years, and ask each other how they can closer assimilate things in Utah. We can tell them. The American people are a political people. We once asked a bright man who was of not much account why he did not, when young, master a trade. His reply was: "Oh, it would have shocked my mother. She would have thought that it would interfere with my chance of being president of the United States." There is a whole lot in that. No boy was ever poorer than Abraham Lincoln; few poorer than Andrew Jackson. But both became presidents of the United States. Now when a state legislature elects a United States Senator, not because he has done the state much service; not because he is a scholar, or statesman of a masterful view of affairs, but because the legislature has received counsel to elect him, counsel which a superstitious fear makes it impossible to refuse; what is the prospect of gaining more people? What would the ordinary man do, were he living in an eastern state and desired to move west? Would he go where his sons would never have a chance, no matter how gifted, to obtain political recognition?